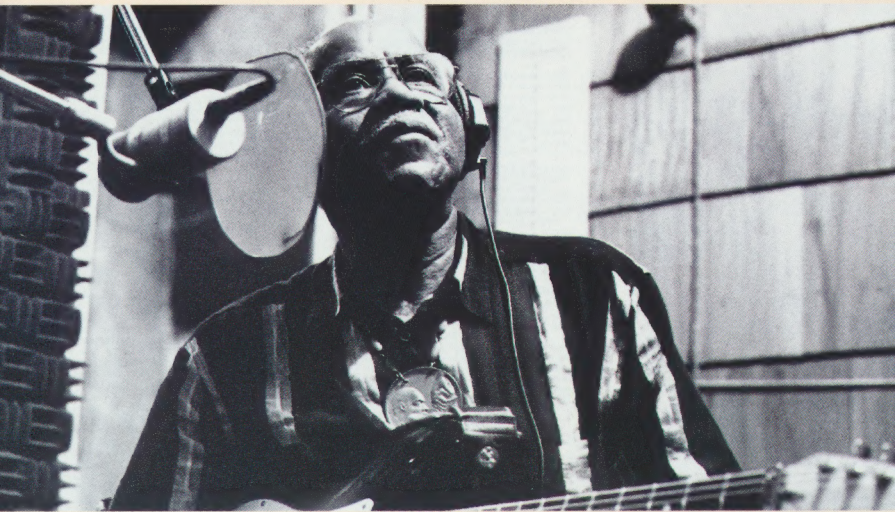


popos staples



PEACE TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD

POINTBLANK / POPS STAPLES / PEACE TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD / 92147-2
CHARISMA

COMPACT
disc
DIGITAL AUDIO

1. WORLD IN MOTION
2. LOVE IS A PRECIOUS THING
3. AMERICA
4. DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI
5. THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME
6. (PEACE TO) THE NEIGHBORHOOD
7. MISS COCAINE
8. PRAY ON MY CHILD
9. PRAY
10. I SHALL NOT BE MOVED

92147-2



1: PRODUCED BY BONNIE RAITT, JACKSON BROWNE AND ED CHERNEY
2, 3, 6 and 9: CO-PRODUCED BY WILLIE MITCHELL AND POPS STAPLES
4 and 10: PRODUCED BY RY CODDER
5 and 7: PRODUCED BY POPS STAPLES
8: CO-PRODUCED BY POPS STAPLES AND JOHN WOOLER
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: MIKE KAPPUS

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pointblank



charisma

POINTBLANK / POPS STAPLES / PEACE TO THE NEIGHBORHOOD / 92147-2
CHARISMA



WORLD IN MOTION

(Jackson Browne/Cord Company)
©1989 Swallow Turn Music/Star Music, Inc. (ASCAP)
Sun going down in the USA
Down on Main there's a family sleeping in a doorway
Around the corner you can hear the sound
People dancing around the golden call
Those who have not, those who have

On the billboards and the T.V. screens
They got food and cars and toys and trucks and jeans
Like a homeless child's fitful dreams
Smiling faces free from wanting
Life's abundances beyond counting

World in motion - speed your changes
Close your distances, find your angels
Lose your fears and meet your dangers
World in motion

Once we were running through smoke and fire
Running into the sun
In the rush of youth, for love and truth
Our deeds were done
Now we awake with a world at stake
And a race we run
We run

Sun going down on the USA
Sun coming up a hundred years away
On another world and another time
Things like hunger, greed and hatred
One way or another, gonna be eradicated

World in motion - speed your changes
Close your distances, drive your angels
Lose your fears and meet your dangers
World in motion

'Till the world I look out at this world and see
Is the world I know this world can be
You have a volunteer in me
Now come on.

*Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Bonnie Raitt: vocals / guitar
Jackson Browne: vocals / guitar
Rickie Fataar: drums
Hutch Hutchinson: bass
Debra Dobkin: percussion*

JACKSON BROWNE APPEARS COURTESY OF ELEKTRA ENTERTAINMENT.
BONNIE RAITT APPEARS COURTESY OF CAPITOL RECORDS, INC.

LOVE IS A PRECIOUS THING

(Terry Evans)
©1991 Even-Flow Music (BMI) Adm. by Bug
You know love is a precious thing
When you got it all around
It'll pick you up, yes it will
When you're fain't down
Love will keep your feet
Planted on solid ground
It'll make you laugh
When you want to cry
Love will make you stay
When it's time to say bye bye

I want you to remember
Ooh when you give love
It'll come back in return
Come back in return, yeah
Come back in return

I want to sing about love
Love is a precious thing
When you got it, deep down in your soul
It'll make you feel good, so good all over
Love will take control, control of your life
It'll make you do things you thought
You wouldn't do, oh won't you believe me people
These things are true

I want you to remember
Ooh when you give love
It'll come back in return
It'll come back in return y'all
Come back in return yeah

I want to talk about love
Love is a precious thing
Love will make you give up the right for the wrong
And sometimes love will make you sing a happy
And then a sad song

Sometimes love will make you wonder and say
What if, what if ?
But love is strong
Real love will keep things together
Love is big, it's all over the world
And young boys and old men
If you want your heart broken
Give that love to a woman or give it to a girl, yeah
Well, well, well

Well, Pops
Whatcha gonna do when you're so hurt
You can't sing a happy or sad song?
Well guess you just have to fold your arms
With a bowed down head
And begin to moan a little bit

... Hang in there y'all
Everything is gonna be alright.

*Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Thomas Bingham: guitar
Steve Potts: drums
Lester Snell: keyboards
Milton Price: bass*

AMERICA

(Manon Wagnon/Popo Staples) Popo Staples Music (BMI)
Do you think that you've got it bad now ?
You ain't seen nothing yet
The more you turn away from God
The tougher it's gonna get

If you think that your things are great
'Cause you seem to have the world in your hand
Turn around before it's too late...
Don't refuse The Master's plan

America... the home of the brave and free...
One nation under God
That's the way it should be

Oh I can still hear the cry
Life is free but times are few
Rejoicing from everyday
Together me and you

Saturday night is every day now
Sunday morning seein' no sun
Who do you think that you are fooling ?
There's eyes on everyone

America... the home of the brave and free
One nation under God
That's the way it should be

Well there is still a little time left
Before I give you up for good
You better take the world's greatest lover
And let him lead you like you should

I'll forget about your past now
And all the wrong you've done
'Cause I love you America
Love you every one

America... the home of the brave and free
One nation under God
That's the way it should be

America... the home of the brave and free
One nation under God
That's the way it should be

*Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Thomas Bingham: guitar
Steve Potts: drums
Milton Price: bass
Lester Snell: keyboards
Michael Toles: guitar
Wayne Jackson: trumpet
Andrew Love: saxophone
William Brown, Bertram Brown,
Jackie Reddick, Jackie Johnson: vocals*

FOR MORE INFORMATION ON POINTBLANK ARTISTS AND BLUES NEWS, WRITE TO:
POINTBLANK, 1790 BROADWAY, 20TH FLOOR, NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10019.
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR NAME, FULL ADDRESS AND ZIP CODE. YOU'LL RECEIVE PERIODIC
INFORMATION ON NEW RELEASES, TOURS AND OTHER BLUES RELATED ITEMS.

DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI

(Traditional)
Far back as I can remember
Either had to plow or hoe
That old long 9-foot cotton sack
Standing at the old turn row

Ooh down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi where I was born
Down in Mississippi where I come from

I got nothing against Mississippi
Also the home of my wife
I feel just like a lucky man
Get away with my life

Ooh from down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi, yeah
Down in Mississippi where I was born
Down in Mississippi where I come from

Yeah.....
Yeah.....
Yeah.....

They had a hunting season on the rabbit
If you shoot him you go to jail
The season was always open on me
Nobody needed no bail

Ooh down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi
Down in Mississippi where I was born
Down in Mississippi where I come from, yeah

Take it, take it, take it
Yeah.....
Yeah.....
Yeah.....

*Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Ry Cooder: guitars
Jim Keltner: drums
Buell Neidlinger: bass
Terry Evans, Arnold McCuller,
Willie Greene: vocals*

THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME

(Pops Staples)
©1961 Concord Music, a div. of ARC Music Corporation (BMI)
This may, this may be my last time
This may, this may be my last time, children
This may, this may be my last time
May be my last time, I don't know

This may, this may be my last time
This may, this may be my last time, children
This may, this may be my last time
May be my last time, I don't know

Early in the morning
My heart, sick and sore
Talking with my Jesus
About my wants and woes

This may, this may be my last time
This may, this may be my last time, children
This may, this may be my last time
May be my last time, I don't know

Maybe in the morning
Well may be ncon
Maybe in the midnight
Hey I don't know how soon

This may, this may be my last time
No, this may, this may be my last time, children
Hey, this may, this may be my last time
Well may be my last time, I don't know

This may, this may be my last time
You know, this may, this may be my last time
This may, this may be my last time
Hey, may be my last time, I don't know
May be my last time, I don't know
May be my last time, I don't know

*Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Thomas Bingham: guitar
Milton Price: bass
Lester Snell: keyboards
James Robertson: drums
Mavis Staples, Yvonne Staples,
Cleotha Staples: vocals*

(PEACE TO) THE NEIGHBORHOOD

(David Hidalgo/Louis Perez)
©1990 Damon Music/No. 6 Music (BMI) adm. by Bug
Brother finds trouble in the street
A piece of rock to make men weak
Trembling eyes at everyone he meets
Sister holds her baby in the bed
Dreams and wishes dancin' thru her head
A love forever is what he said
That's what he said

Father leans back in his easy chair
A pint of whiskey, just sits and stares
He don't know and he doesn't even care
Mother works at her nine to five
Hardly makes enough to keep her alive
She bows her head with tears in her eyes

Thank you Lord for another day
Help my brother along the way
Please bring peace to the neighborhood
Grant us all peace and serenity

They're sounds sung on a dirty street
Resonance of hope lie beneath their feet
Struggling hard to make ends meet

Thank you Lord for another day
Help my brother along the way
Please bring peace to the neighborhood

Thank you Lord for another day
Help my brother along the way
Please bring peace to the neighborhood

To the neighborhood, to the neighborhood, to the neighborhood
Yeah, to the neighborhood

Thank you Lord for another day
Help my brother along the way
Please bring peace to the neighborhood

Pops Staples: vocals
Thomas Bingham: guitar
Steve Potts: drums
Lester Snell: keyboards
Michael Toles: guitar
Dywane Thomas: bass
Mavis Staples, Yvonne Staples,
Cleotha Staples: vocals.

MISS COCAINE

(Pops Staples) (Pops Staples Music (BMI))

I wanna tell ya all a true story
About a bad habit, this bad habit, Miss Cocaine
Miss Cocaine is bad
She go all over the world, don't use no passport
When we go out of the country

We have to have a passport
But she can go anywhere without a passport
And this is what she say:
"Don't let nobody tell ya to try me one round
If you try me once I'm gonna keep you down
I'm a bad habit - yeah
Just as bad as I wanna be
If you don't wanna get in trouble
Don't fool around with mighty me"

She said: "I entered into this country without a passport
And ever since that day I've been hunted and I've been
Sought by junkies and owners and plainclothes dicks
But mostly by users who need a quick fix"
She say:

"I'm more valued than diamonds
More treasured than gold
If you use me once you too will be sold
See I make a schoolboy forget about his books
And I make a beauty queen neglect her looks
Take a renowned speaker and make him a bore
Take a little innocent schoolgirl and make her a whore"

She's a nasty bad habit that's what she is
Miss Cocaine doesn't mind who she hurt
Red, white, yellow or black
Rich or poor, weak or strong, sick or well
It doesn't make her any difference
I'm not trying to tell nobody how to live their life
But what I'm trying to say to you is before you do it
Put some thought into it
Yes, then you might not do it

"All kinds of people fallin' under my wing
Take a look around you, see the results of my sting
I'm a bad habit - yeah
Just as bad as I wanna be
If you don't wanna get into trouble
Don't fool around with mighty me"

"I got them standing on the corner just yelling "Rock"
Killings and stabbing is common on the block
I cussed your little unborn baby to be born hooked
And turned an innocent man into a crook
I'm the queen of crime and the mistress of destruction
I cause the organs of your body to malfunction
I make a schoolteacher forget how to teach
And I make a gospel preacher not want to preach
I destroyed actors, politicians and heroes
Decreased bank accounts from a million to zero
Now you know what I can do"

"Well, well, well it's all up to you
Before you get in my saddle
You better be able to ride it well"
Mean Miss Cocaine the white horse
Ride you straight to hell

"I'm a bad habit - yeah
Just as bad as I wanna be
If you don't wanna get into trouble
Don't fool around with mighty me"

Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Thomas Bingham: guitar
Steve Potts: drums
Dywane Thomas: bass
Lester Snell: keyboards.

PRAY ON MY CHILD

(Pops Staples) (Pops Staples Music (BMI))

Pray on my child, I got a home on high
Ya know I've been talked about, sure as you're born
I need Jesus, to carry me on
Lord if I never see ya any more
I wonder will ya meet me on the other shore

Pray on - pray on my child
Oh yeah - pray on my child
Got a home on high
Pray on my child
Got a home on high

Ya know I've been talked about, sure as you're born
And I need Jesus, to carry me on
If I never see your smiling face
I wanna be saved by your power and grace

Pray on - pray on my child
Oh yeah - pray on my child
Got a home on high

I remember the day, remember it well
When he saved my soul from burnin' hell
You can talk about me as much as you please
But the more you talk I'm gonna bend my knees

Pray on my child, I got a home on high
Ya know I've been talked about, sure as you're born
I need Jesus, to carry me on
Lord if I never see ya any more
I wonder will ya meet me on the other shore

Pray on, pray on, pray on
If your mother don't pray - you pray on
Your father don't pray - you, you pray on
If your friends talk about you
Don't stop praying

Your burdens get heavy - pray on
And when ya get lonely, when ya get lonely
Said when ya get lonely, oh when you get lonely
You - you pray on
You might get tired - ya might get weary
Ya might get weary - you - you pray on
Go down on your knees - down on your knees
Father - Father - our Father
Help me please

Say: "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed
Would be, Thy holy name- kingdom come
Let your will be done, let your will be done
Let your will be done - done on earth
As it is in heaven, give us this day, our
Daily bread, forgive us our debts, as we
Forgive our debtors, and then lead, then lead,
oh lead, oh lead, oh lead, lead us
Not into no temptation, deliver our
Souls from sin and evil"

You, you pray on, you you pray on
You you pray on pray you pray you pray
You pray on you, you pray on you pray on
You pray on.

Pops Staples: background vocals / guitar
Steve Potts: drums
Michael Toles: guitar
Marvel Thomas: keyboards
Dywane Thomas: bass
Mavis Staples: lead vocals
Yvonne Staples, Cleotha Staples: background vocals.

PRAY

(Kevin Smith)

You had a fight with your mom and dad last night
You made reservations with no hesitations
To catch the midnight flight
You said I'm through, I'm quitting school
And I'm leaving this place behind
I'm old enough to be on my own
So I've made up in my mind
I'm leaving tonight
The child is leaving tonight

You left home, now you're out here on your own
You play it cool with an attitude
In the streets all night you roam
A man approaches you in a three piece suit
And says how do you do
His rap was strong and it didn't take long
For him get next to you
You should

Pray, if you don't believe, just
Pray, you will receive, you oughta
Pray, God will answer you, you just
Pray, pray, pray, no matter what you do
He will never, never turn you down
He won't turn you down, He won't turn you down

Your heart and mind says he's not the kind
Of person you'd want to know
He has a front and he's on the hunt
For girls who run away from home
He's a devil in disguise with an evil eye
Of a serpent about to strike
You stand hypnotized as you realize
Mother and daddy were right
In a twink of an eye, life could pass you by
Tomorrow's not promised to you
So get on your knees and cry Lordy help me please
Show me what to do
You should

Pray, if you don't believe, you just
Pray, you will receive, you oughta
Pray, God will answer you, you just
Pray, pray, pray, no matter what you do
He will never, never turn you down
He won't turn you down, He won't turn you down

You will
Pray, if you don't believe, just
Pray, you will receive
Pray, God will answer you, you just
Pray, pray, pray, what you do
He will never, never turn you down
He won't turn you down, He won't turn you down.

Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Thomas Bingham: guitar
Steve Potts: drums
Milton Price: bass
Lester Snell: keyboards
Michael Toles: guitar
William Brown: vocals.

I SHALL NOT BE MOVED

(Tradition/Arranged by Pops Staples)

(Pops Staples Music (BMI))
I shall not, I shall not be moved
I shall not, I shall not be moved
Just like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

I shall not, I shall not be moved
I shall not, I shall not be moved
Like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

Jesus is my captain, I shall not be moved
Jesus is my captain, I shall not be moved
Just like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

I'm on my way to glory, I shall not be moved
I'm on my way to glory, I shall not be moved
Just like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

I shall not, I shall not be moved
I shall not, I shall not be moved
Just a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

I'm on my way to glory, I shall not be moved
I'm on my way to glory, I shall not be moved
Just like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

Jesus is my captain, I shall not be moved
Jesus is my captain, I shall not be moved
Just like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved

I shall not, I shall not be moved
I shall not, I shall not be moved
Just like a tree, planted by the water
I shall not be moved.

Pops Staples: vocals / guitar
Ry Cooder: guitars
Jim Keltner: drums
Buell Neidinger: bass
Terry Evans, Arnold McCuller,
Willie Greene: vocals.

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1. **WORLD IN MOTION (3:56)**
2. **LOVE IS A PRECIOUS THING (4:53)**
3. **AMERICA (4:20)**
4. **DOWN IN MISSISSIPPI (5:00)**
5. **THIS MAY BE THE LAST TIME (3:26)**
6. **(PEACE TO) THE NEIGHBORHOOD (3:22) I O O D**
7. **MISS COCAINE (5:41)**
8. **PRAY ON MY CHILD (4:25)**
9. **PRAY (5:05)**
10. **I SHALL NOT BE MOVED (4:02)**

1: PRODUCED BY BONNIE RAITT, JACKSON BROWNE AND ED CHERNEY
 Engineered by Ed Cherney and Paul Dieter
 Additional engineering by Kevin Smith
 Mixed by Jackson Browne and Ed Cherney
 Recorded at Groovemasters, Santa Monica, CA
 Mastered by Doug Sax and Alan Yoshida at The Mastering Lab, Hollywood, CA

2, 3, 6, 9: CO-PRODUCED BY WILLIE MITCHELL AND POPS STAPLES
 Engineered by William Brown
 Mixed by William Brown and Gary Harwood
 Recorded at Kiva Recording Studio and Royal Studios in Memphis, TN

4, 10: PRODUCED BY RY COODER
 Engineered by Gary Brandt
 Mixed by Lee Herschberg
 Recorded at Alpha Studios, Burbank, CA

5, 7: PRODUCED BY POPS STAPLES
 Engineered by William Brown
 Mixed by William Brown and Gary Harwood
 Recorded at Kiva Recording Studio and Royal Studios in Memphis, TN

8: CO-PRODUCED BY POPS STAPLES AND JOHN WOOLER
 Engineered by William Brown
 Mixed by William Brown and Gary Harwood
 Recorded at Kiva Recording Studio and Royal Studios in Memphis, TN

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: MIKE KAPPUS
 Representation: The Rosebud Agency

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Photography: John Wooler. Design: Bill Smith Studio.



The music on this Compact Disc was originally recorded on analog equipment. We have attempted to preserve, as closely as possible, the sound of the original recording. Because of its high resolution, however, the Compact Disc can reveal limitations of the source tape.

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(5:41)

8. PRAY ON MY CHILD
(4:25)

9. PRAY (5:05)

10. I SHALL NOT BE
MOVED (4:02)

peeps staples

Peace To The Neighborhood

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